PROVED BY AN INHERENT TENDENCY IN MEN TO SIN TOGETHER.

Warning Against Bad Company, Because It Is Contagious and Few There Be Who Escape the Moral Disease Generated by the Wicked.

Washington, May 24 .- Rev. Dr. Talmage chose for his subject, "Bad Com-pany," the text selected being Proverbs i, 15, "Walk not thou in the

Hardly any young man goes to a place of dissipation alone. Each one s accompanied. No man goes to ruin glone. He always takes some one else with him. "May it please the court," said a convicted criminal when asked if he had anything to say before sentence of death was passed upon him-"may it please the court, bad company has been my ruin. I received the blessing of good parents, and in return, promised to avoid all evil associations. Had I kept my promise I should have been saved this shame and been free from the load of guilt that hangs around me like a vulture, threatening to drag me to justice for crimes yet unrevealed. I, who once moved in the firstcircles of society and have been the guest of distinguished public men, am lost, and all through bad company."

This is but one of the thousand proofs that evil associations blast and destroy. It is the invariable rule. There is a well man in the wards of a hospital, where there are a hundred people sick with ship fever, and he will not be so apt to take the disease as a good man would be apt to be smitten with moral distemper if shut up with iniquitous companions. n olden times prisoners were herded together in the same cell, but each one learned the vices of all the culprits, so that instead of being reformed by incarceration the day of liberation turned them out upon society

We may, in our places of business, be compelled to talk and mingle with bad men, but he who deliberately chooses to associate himself with vicious people is engaged in carrying on a courtship with a Delilah whose shears will clip off all the locks of his strength and he will be tripped into perdition. Sin is catching, is infectious, is epide mic. L will let you look over the millions of people now inhabiting the earth, and I challenge you to show me a good man who, after one year, has made choice and consorted with the wicked. A thousand dollars' reward for one such instance. I care not how strong your character may be. Go with the corrupt and you will become corrupt; clan with burglars, and you will become a burglar; go among the unclean, and you will become unclean. Many a young man has been destroyed by not appreciating this. He wakes up some morning in the great city and employ he has entered. As he goes into the store all the clerks mark him, measure him and discuss him. upright young men of the store wish him well, but perhaps wait for a formal introduction, and even then have some delicacy about inviting him into their associations. But the bad young men of the store at the first opportunity approach and offer their services. They patronize him; they profess to know all about the town; they will take him anywhere he wishes to go-if he will pay the expenses-for if a good young man and a bad young man go to some place were they ought not the good young man has invariably to pay the charges. At the moment the ticket is paid for, or the champagne settled for, the bad young man feels around in his pockets and says, "I have forgotten my pocketbook."

In 48 hours after the young man has entered the store the bad fellows of the establishment slap him on the shoulder familiarly and at his stupidity in taking certain allusions say, "My young freind, you will have to be broken in," and they immediately proceed to break him in. Young man, in the name of God I warn you to beware of how you let a bad man talk familiarly with you. If such a one slap you on the shoulder familiarly, turn round and give him a withering look until the wretch crouches in your presence. There is no monstrosity of wickedness that can stand unabashed under the glance of purity and honor. God keeps the lightnings of heaven in his own scabbard, and no human arm can wield them, but God gives to every young man a lightning that he may use, and that is the lightning of an honest eye. Those who have been close observers of city life will not wonder why I give warning to young men and say, "Beware of evil-companions."

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I warn you to shun the skeptic-the young man who puts his fingers in his vest and laughs at your old-fashioned religion and turns over to some mystery of the Bible, and says, "Explain that, my pious friend; explain that." And who says "Nobody shall scare me. I am not afraid of the future. I used to believe in such things, and so did my father and mother, but I have got over it. Yes, he has got over it, and if you sit in his company a little longer you will get over it too. Without presenting one argument against the Christian religion such men will, by their jeers and scoffs and caricatures, destroy your respect for that religion, which was the strength of your father in his declining years, and the pillow of your old mether

When she lay a-dying. Alas! a time will come when this blustering young infidel will have to die, and then his diamond ring will flash no splendor in the eyes of death, as he stands over the couch, waiting for his soult. Those beautiful locks will be uncombed upon the pillow, and the dying man will say, "I cannot die-I cannot die." Death, standing ready beside the couch, says, "You must die. You have only half a minthe to live. Let me have it right away

your soul." "No," says the young infidel, "here are my gold rings and
these pictures. Take them all." "No,"
says Death. "What do I care for pictures? Your soul!" "Stand back!"
says the dying infidel. "I will not
stand back!" says Death. "For you have stand back," says Death, "for you have only ten seconds now to live. I want your soul." The dying man cays, "Don't breathe that cold air into my face. You crowd me too hard. It is setting dark in the room. G God!"
"Hush!" says Death, "You said there was no God." "Pray for me?" ex-claims the expiring infidel. "Too late to pray," says Death. "But three more seconds to live, and I will count them off—one—two—three." He has some!

bury him beside his father and mounts, who died while holding fast the Christian religion. They died singing, but the young infide only said: "Don't breathe that cold air into my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting

Again I urge you to shun the com-panionship of idlers. There are men hanging around every store and office and shop who have nothing to do, as act as if they had not. They are apt to come in when the firm are away and wish to engage you in conversation while you are engaged in your regular employment. Politely suggest to such persons that you have no time to give them during business hours. Nothing would please them so well as to have you renounce your occupation and associate with them. Much of the time they lounge around the doors of engine houses, or after the dining hour stand upon the steps of a fashionable hotel or an elegant restaurant, wishing to give you the idea that that is the place where they dine. But they do not dine there. They are sinking down lower and lower day by day." Neither by day nor by night have anything to do with idlers.

Before you admit a man into your acquaintance ask him politely, "What do you do for a living ?" If he says, "Nothing; I am a gentleman," look out of him. He may have a very soft hand and very faultless apparel and have a high sounding family name, but his touch is death. Before you know it, you will in his presence be ashamed of your work dress. Business will become to you drudgery, and afterward you will lose your place, and afterward your respectability, and, last of all your soul. Idleness is next door to villainy. Thieves, gamblers, burglars, shoplifters and assassins are made from the class who have nothing to do. When the police go to hunt up and arrest a culprit, they seldom go to look in at the busy carriage factory or behind the counter where diligent clerks are employed, but they go among the groups of idlers. The play is going on at the theatre, when suddenly there is a scuffle in the top gallery. What is it? A policeman has come in, and, leaning over, had tapped on the shoulder a young man, saying, "I want you, sir." He has not worked during the day, but somehow has raked together a shilling or two to get into the top gallery. He is an idler. The man on his right hand is an idler, and the man on his lert hand

been a great deal of duliness in busi-Young men have complained that they have little to do. If they have nothing else to do, they can read and improve their minds and earts. These times are not always to continue. Business is waking up, and the superior knowledge that in this interregnum of work you may obtain will be worth \$50,000 of capital. The large fortunes of the next 20 years are having their foundations laid now by the young men who are giving themselves to self-improvement. I went Into a store in New York and saw five men, all Christians, sitting round, saying that they had nothing to do. It have nothing to do. Let him go out and visit the poor or distribute tracts, or go and read the Bible to the sick, or take out his New Testament and be making his eternal fortune. Let him go into the back office and pray.

Shrink back from idleness in yourself and in others if you would maintain a right position. Good old Ashbel Green at more than 80 years of age was found busy writing, and some young man said to him: "Why do you keep busy? It is time for you to rest." He answered, "I keep busy to keep out of mischief." No man is strong enough

Are you fond of pictures? If so, I will show you one of thei works of an old master. Here it is "I went by the field of the slothful and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and, lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall was broken down. Then I saw and considered well. I looked upon it and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth and thy want as an armed man." I don't know of another sentence in the Bible more explisive than that. It first hisses softly, like the fuse of a cannon, and at last bursts like a 54 pounder. The old proverb was right, "The devil tempts most men, but idlers

tempt the devil." A young man came to a man of years of age and said to him, "How have you made out to live so long and be so well?" The old man took the youngster to an orchard, and pointing to some large trees full of apples. said. "I planted these trees when I was a boy, and do you wonder that now I am permitted to gather the fruit of them ?" We gather in old age what we plant in our youth. Sow to the wind, and we reap the whirlwind. Plant in early life the right kind of a Christian character and you will eat luscious fruit in old age and gather these harvest apples in eternity.

I urge you to avoid the perpetual pleasure seeker. I believe in recrea-tion and amusement. God would not have made us with the capacity to laugh if He had not intended us sometimes to indulge it. God hath hung in sky and set in wave and printed on grass many a roundelay, but he who chooses pleasure seeking for his life work does not understand for what God made him. Our assusements are intended to help us in some earnest mission. The thundercloud hath an edge exquisitely purpled, but with voice that jars the earth it declares, voice that jars the earth it declares, "I go to water the green fields." The wild flowers under the fence are gay, but they say: "We stand here to make room for the wheatfield and to refresh the husbandmen in their nooning." The stream sparkles and foams and frolics and says "I go to baptize the moss. I leave the spots on the trout. I slake the thirst of the bird. I turn the wheel of the mill. I reel in my but they say: "We stand here to make room for the wheatfield and to refresh the husbandmen in their nooning."
The stream sparkles and foams and frolics and says "I go to baptize the moss. I leave the spots on the trout. I slake the thirst of the bird. I turn the wheel of the mill. I reel in my orystal cradle muckshaw and water lily." And so while the world plays, it works. Look out for the man who always plays and never works.

You will do wen to avoid those regular business it is to play hall, skate or go a-boating. All these

sports are grand in their places. I never derived so much advantage from any ministerial association as from a ministerial club that went out to play ball every Saturday afternoon in the outskirts of Philadelphia. These recreations are grand to give us muscle and spirits for our regular toll. I believe in muscular Christianity. A man is often not so near God with a weak stomach as when he has a strong direction. But shun those who There? Where? Carry him out land strong digestion. But shun those make it their life occupation to sport.

There are young men whose indus-try and usefulness have fallen over-board from the yacht. There are men whose business fell through the ice of the skating pond and has never since been heard of. There is a beauty in the gliding of a boat, in the song of skates, in the soaring of a well struck ball, and I never see one fly but I involuntarily throw up my hands to catch it, and, so far from laying an injunction upon ball playing or any other innocent sport, I claim them all as belonging of right to those of us who toil in the grand industries of church

But the life business of pleasure seeking always makes in the end a criminal or a sot. George Brummel was smiled upon by all England, and life was given to pleasure. He danced with the peeresses and swung a round of mirth and wealth and applause, until, exhausted of purse and worn out of body and bankrupt of reputation, and ruined of soul, he begged a biscuit from a grocer and declared that he thought a dog's life was better than a man's.

Such men will come into your office, or crowd around your anvil, or seek o decoy you off. They will tell you of some people you must see, of some excursion that you must take, of some Sabbath day that you ought to dishonor. They will tell you of exquisite wines that you must taste, of costly operas that you must hear, of wonderful dancers that you must see, but before you accept their convoy or their companionship remember that while at the end of a useful life you may be able to look back to kindnesses done, to honorable work accomplished, to poverty helped, to a good name earned, to Christian influence exerted, a Saviour's cause advanced, these pleasure seekers on their deathbeds have nothing better to review than a torn playbill, a ticket for the races, an empty tankard and the cast out rinds of a carousal, and in the delirium their awful death they clutch the goblet and press it to their lips the dregs of the cup falling upon their tongues will begin to hiss and uncoil with the adders of an eternal poi-

Again, avoid as you would avoid the death of your body, mind and soul any one who has in him the gambling spirit. Men who want to gamble will find places just suited to their capacity, not only in the underground oyster cellar, or at the table back of the curtain, covered with greasy cards, or in the steamboat smoking cabin, where the bloated wretch with rings in his ears deals out his pack and winks at the unsuspecting travelerproviding free drinks all around-but in gilded parlors and amid gorgeous

Avoid Unhealthy Stimulants. This sin works ruin first by unhealthful stimulants. Excitement is pleasurable. Under every sky and in every age men have sought it. The Chinaman gets it by smoking his tina, so that doublets come up every opium, the Persian by chewing hasheesh, the trapper in a buffalo hunt, the sailer in a squall, the inebriate in men who come into the play, and this the bottle and the avaricious at the accounts for the fact that 99 out of gaming table. We must at times have 100 who gamble, however wealthy excitement. A thousand voices in our nature demand it. It is right. It is healthful. It is inspiring. It is a desire God given. But anything that first gratifies this appetite and hurls, house that they once owned. it back in a terrible reaction is deplorable and wicked. Look out for the agitation that, like a rough musician, in bringing out the tune plays so hard he breaks down the instrument. God never made man strong enough to endure the wear and tear of gambling excitement. No wonder if, after having failed in the game, men have begun to sweep off imaginary gold from the side of the table. The man was sharp enough when he started at the game, but a maniao at the close. At every gaming table sit on one side, ecenthusiasm, romance—the frenzy of joy; on the other side, flerceness, rage, tumult. The professional gamester schools himself into apparent quietness. The keepers of gambling rooms are generally fat, rollicking and obese, but thorough and professional gamblers, in nine cases out of ten, are pale thin, wheezy, tremulous and ex-

A young man having suddenly inherited a large property sits at the hazard tables and takes up in a dice box the estate won by a father's lifetime sweat and shakes it and tosses it away. Intemperance soon stigmatizes its victim-kicking him out, a slavering fool, into the ditch, or sending him, with the drunkard's hiccough, staggering up the street where his family lives. But gambling does not in that way expose its victims. The gambler may be eaten up by the gambler's passion, yet you only discover it by the greed in his eyes, the hardness of his features, the nervous restlessness, the threadbear coat and his embarrassed business. Yet he is on the road to hell, and no preacher's voice, or startling warning, or wife's entreaty, can make him stay for a moment his headlong career. The infernal spell is on him; a giant is aroused within, and though you may bind him with cables they would part like thread, and though you fasten him seven times round with chains they would snap like rusted wire, and though you piled up in his path heaven high Bibles, tracts and sermons and on the top should set the cross of the Son of God, over them all, the gambler would leap like a roe over the rocks on his way to perdi-

A man used to reaping scores or hundreds of dollars from the gaming table will not be content with slow work. He will say, "What is the use of my tnying to make these \$50 in my store when I can get five times that in half an hour down at Billy's?"
You never knew a confirmed gambler

his soul. He pays in tears and blood the agony and darkness and woe. What dull work is plowing to the farmer when in the village saloon in one night he makes and loses the value of a summer harvest! Who will want to sell tape and measure nankeen and cut garments and weigh sugars when in a night's game he makes and loses and makes again and loses again the profits of a season? John Borack was sent as mecantile agent from Bremen to England and this country. After two years his employers mistrusted that all was not right. He was a defaulter for \$87,000. It was found that he had lost in Lombard-street, London, \$29,000; in Fulton-street, New York, \$10,000, and in New Orleans \$3000. He was imprisoned but afterward escaped and went into the gambling profession. He died in a lunatic asylum. This crime is getting its lever under many a mercantile house in our cities, and before long down will come the great establishment, crushing re-

putation, home comfort and immortal

The whole world is robbed! What is most sad, there are no consolations for the loss and suffering entailed by gaming. If men fail in lawful business, God pities and society commiserates, but where, in the Bible or society, is there any consolation for the gambler? From what troe of the forest oozes there a balm, that can soothe the gamester's beart? In that bottle where God keeps the tears of his children are there any tears of the gambler ? Do the winds that come to kiss the faded cheek of sickness and to cool the heated brow of the laborer whisper hope and cheer to the emaciated wictim of the game of hazard? When an honest man is in trouble, he has sympathy. "Poor fellow!" they Ray. But do gamblers come to weep at the agonies of the gambler? In Northumberland was one of the finest estates in England. Mr. Porter owned it, and in a year gambled it all away. Having lost the last acre of the estate, he came down from the saloon and got into his carriage, went back, put up his horses and carriage and town house and played. He threw and lost. He started for home, and on a side alley met a friend, from whom he borrowed ten guineas. He went back to the saloon and before a great while had won £20,000. He died at last a beggar in St. Giles. How many gamb-lers felt sorry for Mr. Porter? Who consoled him on the loss of his estate? What gambler subscribed to put a stone over the poor man's grave? Not one! Furthermore, this sin is the source of uncounted dishonesty. The game of hazard itself is often a cheat. How many tricks and deceptions in the dealing of the cards! The opponent's hand is ofttimes found out by fraud. Cards are marked so that they may be designated from the pack. Expert gamesters have their accomplices, and one wink may decied the game. The dice have been found loaded with pla-

time. These dice are introduced by the

gamblers unobserved by the honest

when they began, at the end are found

to be poor, miserable, haggard

wretches that would not now be al-

lowed to sit on the doorstep of the

In a gaming house in San Francisco a young man, having just come from the mines, deposited a large sum upon the ace and won \$22,000. But the tide turns. Intense anxiety comes upon the countenances of all Slowly the cards went forth. eye is fixed. Not a sound is heard, the bank. There are shouts of "Foul, silenced and the bank has won \$95,000 dollars. Do you call this a game of chance? There is no chance about it. But these dishonesties in the carrying on of the game are nothing when compared with the frauds that are committed in order to get money to go on with the nefarious work. Gambling, with its needy hand, has snatched away the widow's mite and the portion of the orphans, has sold the daughter's virtue to get the means to continue the game, has written the counterfeit's signature, emptied the banker's money vault and wielded the assassin's dagger. There is no depth of meanness to which it will not stoop. There is no cruelty at which it is appalled. There is no warning of God that it will not dare. Merciless, unappearable, fleroer and wilder it blinds, it hardens, it rends, it blasts, it crushes, it damns. Have nothing to do with gamblers, whether they gamble on large scale or small scale. Cast out these men from your company. Do not be intimate with them. Always be polite. There is no demand that you ever sacrifice politeness. A young man accosted a Christian Quaker with, "Old chap, how did you make all your money ?" The Quaker replied, "By dealing in an article that thou mayest deal in if thou wilt-civility." Always be courteous, but at the same time firm. Say "No," as if you meant it. Have it understood in store and shop and street that you will not stand in the companionship of the skeptic, the idler, the pleasure seeker, the

Rather than enter the companionship of such accept the invitation to a better feast. The promises of God are the fruits. The harps of heaven are the music. Clusters from the vine yards of God have been pressed into tankards. The sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty are the guests, while standing at the banquet to fill the cups and divide the clusters and command the harps and welcome the guests is a daughter of God, on whose brow are the blossoms of paradise and in whose cheek is the flush of celestial summer. Her name is religion.

corrupting new victims. This sin has duiled the carpenter's saw and cut the band of the factory wheel, sunk the cargo, broken the teeth of the farmer's harrow and sent a strange lightning to shatter the battery of the philosopher. The very first idea in gaming is at war with all the industries of society. Any trade or occupation that is of use is ennobling. The street sweeper advances the interests of society by the cleanness effected. The cat pays for the fragments it eats by cleaning the house of vermin. The fiv that takes the sweetness from the dregs of the cup compensates by punifying the air and keeping back the pestilence. But the gambler gives not anything for that which he takes I recall that sentence. He does make a return, but it is disgrace to the man he fleeces, despair to his heart, ruin to his busithe Long Aretic Night.

ACCURACY. A Pertinent Article About This Quality in Our Newspapers.

is the aim and object of every honest and self-respecting newspaper to be as nearly accurate as possible in the presentation of news to its readers, and to give them, as nearly as may be, correct summary of the world's state of affairs day by day. The limitation of comparative exact-ness will be understood and appreciated, it ils to be hoped, for literal accuracy and exactitude, is, in a newspaper office, only an iridescent dream. The obstacles to be overcome, so every newspaper must be content with the nearest possible approach to certainty. Every day somebody, and often the nebody who ought to know better, says: "You can't believe anything the newspapers say." The assertion involves a double fallacy, the first branch of which is that the statement is wholly unsupported by evidence, and the second is that the speaker himself, if will not stop and think a moment, will be convinced of the felly of his utterance. He speaks, as most of us

do, without thinking. It is quite true that mistakes are made, especially in the spelling of names of persons and places, and often in dates as well, and that there is always somebody ready to pounce on an inaccuracy in detail and to insist that Smith should be spelled Smyth, or that some baby Prince or Princess died in July instead of August; but what of it? If such hypercritical critics only knew the difficulties which encompass telegraphic transmission, the rush and scurry of the telegraph editor and the never-ending struggle of the proof-Smyth should be spelled Smith, but why it should not appear in print as Brown or Jones, and why the capital of Herzegovina should not be located

in Madagascar or Patagonia. To this should be added the all-important fact, with which newspaper men are only too familiar, that in attempting to secure an exact account of some particular incident the reporter is confronted with, maybe, half a dozen stories, each of which is told all differing in detail, depending upon the point of view of the narrator. Out of the confusion order must be evolv ed, and the best result that can be hoped for is a consecutive narrative. for the exigencies of the daily press do not permit a lapse of twenty-four hours in which to verify details.

Of course the fact is that people do believe what the newspapers say, though at times they may detect some inaccuracy which is within their personal knowledge, and, more than this, they derive the greater part of their knowledge of current events from the newspapers. As to the policy of a newspaper, as to its comments upon the affairs of the day, as to its views lie in the mouth of any intelligent man to charge a newspaper with the deliberate disortion or suppression of facts, for there is no possible ground for such an accusation. The daily newspaper is one of the greatest and most potent educational factors of the age, and it ill becomes the man who receives 99 per cent. of his knowledge regarding current events from the daily press to accuse a newspaper of ignorance or mendacity because 1 per cent. may not be strictly accurate, be shadowy and incomplete.—San Francisco Call.

The Ruling Passion. A famous English lawyer once made a letter without a postscript. A certain Lady G. who was present resented the lawyer's statement and ad-

"My next letter to you shall refute A week or two later the lawyer received the letter, and a most entertaining one it was; but after her signature Lady G. wrote: "P.S.—Who is right, now, you or I?"

The Disposal of Brood Sows:

No age can be fixed upon as of universal or even general application, for turning off brood sows. Some of them, and indeed many of them, should never be allowed to produce more than one litter, while others should be kept as long as they will produce good and uniform litters. The qualities of a good brood sow are many. They include ability to produce large, even and uniform litters to breed regularly, good milking and good nursing quali-ties and a tractable and peaceable disposition.-Ohio Farmer.

"Birdie," said Mrs. McGinnis to her fashionable daughter, "What were you sitting up reading last night? Was it a novel? Tell your mother." "Yes, ma, it was a novel."
"And who writ it?"

"Dumas, the elder." "Now, don't tell me that. Who ever heard of an elder writin' a novel that you'd sit up half the night to read. You may be a new woman, Birdle, but you don't fool your mother any."

—Texas Sifter.

His Face was a mass of Blotches.

But now his skin is clear as a year old babe's. Scott's Sarsaparilla his Salvation.

Nothing blights existence like the knowledge that our appearance is repellant to those with whom we come in contact, nor is there any relief like that of feeling that the disfiguring causes have been removed. Says Mr. William Alger: My face on one side was a mass of blotches, some of which were constantly full of matter. I run a bake shop doing my own work, but my face got so bad that customers drifted away. Then I hired a man and went to a doctor. He said my blood was in a horrible condition. I sold my business and moved to the city where Scott's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me. The first bottle did me much good, and after taking five bottles my skin is as clear as possible, and not a sign of my previous disfigurement. I my Scott's Sarsaparilla is the best blood medicine going and am speaking from experience. Pimples, bloodes, boils, ulcers and all diseases arising from vital exhaustion and impure blood are radically cured by Scott's Sarsaparilla, a concentrated compound of the finest medicines ever mown. Your druggist has it at \$1. But get Scott's. The kind that cures:

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Dress and Mantle making done in the latest styles. We guarantee satisfaction. Call and examine goods.

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If you want to get the highest price for your Wool sell direct to those who manufacture it; and when you buy Dry Goods buy from the manufacturer.

We have a large and well assorted stock of Blankets, Sheetings, Shirtings Full-Cloth, Yarns, Men's Underwear, Top Shirts, Cottons, Shaker Flannels, in perfect honesty and sincerity, but Cottonades, etc., which we sell at very small advance on wholesale prices.

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HORN BROS., Lindsay Woolen Mills.

April 21st. 1896,-21-ly.

# on politics, ethics, government or what not, every reader is at perfect liberty to agree or disagree with the paper, as he may be minded, but it does not like in the mouth of any intelligent.

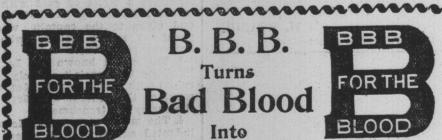
## HAS REMOVED

as is more frequently the case, may from the South side of Kent street, next to the Post Office, to the

the assertion in the presence of several ladies that no woman ever wrote a latter without a postscript A cer-Edwards & Co.



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Rich Red Blood.

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No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties as Burdock Blood Bitters. It not only cleanses internally, but it heals, when applied externally, all sores, ulcers, abscesses, scrofulous sores, blotches, eruptions, etc., leaving the skin clean and pure as a babe's. Taken internally it removes all morbid effete or waste matter from the system, and thoroughly regulates all the organs of the body, restoring the stomach, liver, bowels and blood to healthy action. In this way the sick become well, the weak strong, and those who have that tired, worn out feeling receive new vigor, and buoyant health and spirits, so that they feel like work. If your appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ambition lost, B.B.B. will restore you to the full enjoyment of happy vigorous life. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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